Thicker than Water

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Thicker than Water

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Summary

“Freddie’s written worse things in the past, Will, why does this rile you so?”

“Because I checked her sources,” Will hissed, slapping the tablet down hard enough that Hannibal winced, mourning his screen already. “And I know my own stupid history. And she’s not wrong, is she, Hannibal? For the first time in her pathetic existence that bitch caught a fact that bit her on the nose.”

Will finds out Hannibal is his father... which is awkward since he's already his Daddy...

Notes

A kinkmeme prompt from the lovely jonnimir that we just couldn't pass up, which asked for Hannibal being Will's father, knowing it, and keeping it from Will. Bonus rounds included Freddie finding out and plastering it all over the place and Will finding out only coz his students found out first.

Done and done, we hope you like it bby!

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hello, Will.”

“No,” Will shoved past Hannibal into his office, not even bothering to shuck his coat as he stormed through towards the desk then turned on his heel. “No, not today. Not today with your games and your coaxing and your kinky *daddy* shit, Hannibal.”

Hannibal blinked at him, taking his time to close and lock the door before following Will’s path at a much slower pace deeper into his office.

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about, Will.”

“Bullshit.” Will spat the word, dragging a hand through his hair before looking about him until he found Hannibal’s tablet. He knew the combination, Hannibal had shown him. “Bull *shit* , Hannibal you know. You know because you read that *trash* relentlessly and she posted three hours ago.”

Will thrust the tablet out for Hannibal to see, though he knew already what had riled up his boy so. Freddie Lounds had a new exclusive on TattleCrime, a controversy to end all other controversies surrounding her favourite agent to torment.

“ **BLOOD IS THICK, BUT IS SEMEN THICKER?** ”

screamed the headline, two photos beneath of Will and himself at a crime scene - two, actually, he noted with amusement, they were two different scenes. He didn’t read further - nor did he have to, he knew well what the article alleged - before Will yanked the tablet back and shut the screen off.

“There’s taking my words out of context, Hannibal, then there’s this.”

“Freddie’s written worse things in the past, Will, why does this rile you so?”

“Because I checked her sources,” Will hissed, slapping the tablet down hard enough that Hannibal winced, mourning his screen already. “And I know my own stupid history. And she’s not wrong, is she, Hannibal? For the first time in her pathetic existence that *bitch* caught a fact that bit her on the nose.”

Hannibal didn’t speak for a moment. The truth of the matter was that Will looked very much like his mother. It was unfortunate on the one hand - Hannibal had a desire to see his own genes come through in his offspring - yet a boon on the other. Because while Will looked the way he did, spoke to Hannibal without care for rudeness, and had no care nor knowledge of his paternal parentage, he had no qualms with Hannibal driving him to sobbed pleas in his bed, his tongue buried deep in Will’s ass.

“Hannibal!” Will’s words, almost hysterical now, returned Hannibal from the brief reverie that had taken him back to bed the night before.

“I had not expected it to be an issue.” Hannibal told him. Will gave him a stare that bordered on horrified, shaking his head.

“You didn’t expect… You’re my *father* .” The last word came out on a whine, high and desperate. Will reached up to grab a fistfull of his own hair, tugging harshly.

“I am the contributor for half of your genetic makeup,” Hannibal allowed, “Your father is still the man who raised you.”

This did seem to settle Will somewhat, though he remained anxious, pacing. He could not seem to meet Hannibal’s gaze for more than a moment before red flooded his cheeks and he had to look away again. “You knew,” he said, “You knew, and you didn’t *say* anything.”

“You said you never knew your mother. The risk of you finding out was relatively small, and it didn’t seem like information that would be of any benefit to you.”

“Do you even *hear* yourself?” Will shouted.

“The risks of incest are negated in our case,” Hannibal explained. “Neither of us can bear children, and as I didn’t have a hand in your upbringing, there were no power differentials at play. Why burden you with information that would only bring you distress?”

“Because when that information inevitably comes to light, I find out through my *students* !” Will’s voice was pitching, his breathing was growing ragged quickly. “My fucking *students* , Hannibal, were listening to those recordings as I came into class.”

“That is unfortunate.”

“Unfortunate!” Will pressed his fist against his lips in an attempt to calm himself down. It didn’t aid him much. His pacing took him towards the tall windows and back again, shoes dragging and hissing over the rug. “I could lose my job. In fact, I’m fairly certain I already have.” He said after a while. “My job? Fuck my job. My reputation. Everything I’ve ever worked for, ruined. I was going to sue for libel but that wouldn’t *work now* , would it?”

Will was lovely when he was passionate. It gave him a glow that radiated from him, eyes bright and teeth bared like a wild thing going into battle. That, he did inherit from Hannibal, though the temper was his own.

“Work is hardly a necessity for you, Will,” Hannibal pointed out. “You complain of it often, you find it exhausting, you know it damages you the deeper Jack makes you look. Perhaps this is for the best.”

“For the -” Will hummed, a frustrated sound that tore at his throat until it became a growl. He steepled his fingers over his nose and tried to ease his breathing. “I have bills to pay, Hannibal, I have seven dogs to feed. I need income.”

“I’m very well placed to offer assistance,”

Will scoffed. “What, *daddy* is going to give me an allowance? You’re twenty years too late for that one.”

Hannibal saw his opportunity, and took it. If nothing else, he knew his boy, his tells, the things he needed. He stepped in close, reaching for Will.

“You can’t *seriously* think we’re still going to-”

“Shh…” Hannibal pulled Will in against his chest, arms wrapped tight around his waist. “It’s my job, isn’t it? To take care of you.”

“Hannibal, that’s not funny.” Will squirmed, hands drawing up to press against Hannibal’s chest. “This isn’t a game.”

“It isn’t,” Hannibal agreed, “It’s a genuine offer.” He nuzzled under Will’s jaw, drawing his nose up along the side of his throat to his jaw. “Let Daddy take care of you.”

“You’re sick,” Will murmured, his voice losing strength as Hannibal kissed over his pulse. “We can’t keep doing this.”

“We can’t *undo* it,” Hannibal pointed out. “We can never take back what has already been done. We cannot erase the knowledge. Why resist that which brings us joy or pleasure?”

“You’re my…” Hannibal bit at Will’s throat and heard his words trail off into a gasp.

“Say it, sweet boy.”

Will whined, frustrated, and shook his head, trying to push himself away from Hannibal again. He knew how futile it was, it always had been, when he’d tried it in play. Hannibal was much stronger, much faster than he was, he wouldn’t escape him if he wanted to.

He didn’t even know if he wanted to.

“Will.”

“You’re my father and this is wrong.”

Hannibal clicked his tongue and Will glared at him over his glasses. Beautiful, petulant thing. Hannibal hadn’t found him until Will was already in the Quantico training program, and by then he’d more than proven himself to be interesting. Year by year he’d just grown more so.

“You can’t lie to me, Will,” Hannibal murmured. “You never could. So if you tell me, now, that you don’t want this, that you want this to stop, and I believe you, I’ll let you be.”

“I’ve told you.”

“You’ve not said no.”

“No,” Will replied, deliberate and careful. And Hannibal kissed him.

A hand against the back of Will’s head stopped him from pulling away, the one around his waist held him close like a vice. Hannibal weathered the wriggling, smiled into the bites, and set his thumb against Will’s jaw to guide it open wider so he could kiss him properly.

Will fought him here, too. He tried to pull back, tried to close his mouth, to snap his teeth, to do anything to get away before he was tangled in it and too weak to fight it off. Since the first

time he'd kissed Hannibal - and he'd kissed him first, half-drunk and angry at himself for it - he'd been addicted to him. And the man knew it. They both knew it.

Hannibal flooded his senses, kept him still and secure even as he squirmed. Will clawed at his chest, protected by so many damn *layers* .

Hannibal broke the kiss to nuzzle their noses together. Will snapped at him, glaring.

"You sick, sadistic-" As Will spoke, Hannibal backed him towards the chaise, a pleasant smile on his face like Will wasn't fighting him, "-*domineering asshole*."

Hannibal toppled Will onto his back on the chaise, pinning him bodily to it. This time, the kiss went easier, less teeth involved when he could slide a hand between them and cup Will's growing erection.

"Psychotic," Will murmured between kisses, "aggravating, pompous…"

"Do you need a job for that smart mouth of yours?" Hannibal teased, working open Will's belt. "I'd hate to have to discipline you right now."

"You're-" Will's glare lasted only long enough for Hannibal to slip a hand into his briefs, thumbing over the head of his cock. Will threw his head back, lost, for a moment, to sensations he'd been conditioned to give into. "God, *Daddy* ."

Hannibal made a sound, low and pleased, and breathed in his boy; angry and aroused and conflicted. Remarkable thing. He hadn't set out to corrupt his own son. Initially Hannibal had been genuinely curious about what had become of the boy he'd been too young to raise when his mother had had him. In fact, he didn't think he should take the blame at all. It had been Will who had thrown himself at Hannibal, Will who had demanded with kisses and whines and sweet, soft sounds to be claimed that way.

Hannibal had just offered conversations.

"That's better," he told Will, sucking a kiss against his throat that drew another of those lovely little noises from him. "Remember your manners."

"Fuck," Will groaned, turning his head to the side, blushing furiously because he hadn't *wanted* this, he'd wanted to yell at Hannibal, to shame him, then to leave him and all of this, pack his dogs into his truck and drive until he ran out of fuel. He hadn't wanted to succumb to his own fantasies that had turned out to be far more depraved than he'd initially even imagined. He drew his lips back in a hiss as Hannibal teased his foreskin back and thumbed over the sensitive leaking head.

"I hate seeing you so upset, Will." he told him, free hand up to tug Will's hair from his face, to turn him to face Hannibal again. "Let Daddy kiss it better."

Will groaned. That was *blatantly* terrible, but it went straight to Will's straining cock. Hannibal bent to lick a drop of fluid from the tip, his eyes glinting with amusement as Will hissed out his unwilling pleasure.

Now that Will was no longer trying to squirm away, Hannibal could be a bit less cautious. He lifted up over Will, tugging at the hem of his shirt.

“No, seriously,” Will complained as he was stripped, “We can’t keep doing this, Hannibal.”

Despite his words, he was no longer clawing at Hannibal. Hannibal was able to get them both naked with minimal fuss, mouthing a path down Will’s chest.

“You never listen to anything I…” Will drew in a shuddering breath, spreading his thighs wider when Hannibal kissed at the crease between his thigh and his groin.

“I’m listening,” Hannibal assured him. “I think I hear you better than you hear yourself.” His tongue trailed teasingly over Will’s balls, up to the base of his cock, enjoying his shaky whine.

Will pressed a hand over his eyes, fingers bringing stars up behind his eyelids as he gritted his teeth and tried, he did really try, to resist Hannibal’s teasing. They couldn’t keep doing this because it was *wrong* . It was *wrong* because they were related by blood, Hannibal was his goddamn *dad* , and they couldn’t just -

“Fuck,” Will groaned, dropping a hand to Hannibal’s hair, fisting it with desperate fingers. He wanted to go back to even the night before, where it felt naughty but wasn’t actually breaking the fucking law to be sleeping with his psychiatrist, to be calling him *daddy* in bed. “We can’t just… just uproot whole lives, Hannibal.”

“We’ve both done so before,” Hannibal reasoned, a knuckle pressing teasingly against Will’s perineum as he thumbed over Will’s hole. It was only a dozen hours ago that he’d been buried to the hilt in his boy, pulling cries from him that echoed through the house. “Pedantic, perhaps, but not impossible.”

“We leave, and we’re putting a neon *fucking* - fuck, Hannibal - sign that Freddie’s right. That we’re -”

“What, Will?”

In answer Will only wrapped his legs around Hannibal’s shoulders and rocked his hips up, begging without words for Hannibal’s mouth, his fingers, his cock… anything to wipe his mind clean for a while, anything to forget that they were in the shit with no way out of it without incriminating someone further.

Hannibal kept lubrication on hand when he knew he was going to see Will, but he could not resist the press of a dry finger against Will, just a tiny bit, enough to see his boy squirm.

“Greedy boy,” he chided, using one hand to spread one of Will’s thighs wide. “If we leave, does it matter what it proves?”

Will opened his mouth to reply and cried out instead, as Hannibal swallowed him to the hilt.

Hannibal had a talented tongue and a hot, eager mouth. Will couldn’t keep himself still, rolling up into the warmth, seeking out pleasure as sharp little gasps escaped him. Hannibal

pinned him with big hands, he had always seemed bigger than Will, even though he couldn't be, truly. Hannibal held him down and teased noises from his throat, tormented Will in slow, steady motions. For a moment, Will forgot himself, pleading for Daddy to please not stop, to never stop.

But of course, eventually, he did, pulling his mouth from Will with a final lick to the tip. Will threw his arm over his face to hide a groan and a furious red blush.

"There, you see? Can you truly say you'd rather give this up?"

"Fuck you," Will murmured. Hannibal's hand came down against his inner thigh in a harsh swat, and he squeaked.

"We've had this discussion, haven't we, Will?"

Will bit his lip and nodded before shaking his head again. They had. A few times. Usually after Will had pushed Hannibal far enough for one swat to become a bruising dozen over his ass and thighs.

"Will."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

His hesitation earned him another slap, the other thigh this time, but on the soft skin so close to his groin that Will squirmed in discomfort. He knew what Hannibal wanted. He knew just what to say to make that stop and to bring his mouth down to Will's cock again. He knew. And it had gotten them into this mess in the first fucking place.

Hannibal curled his forefinger and thumb around Will's balls and pulled, just enough for him to feel the threat of pressure, just enough to see Will fighting so beautifully against his base desires.

"Will."

"Yes, Daddy," he breathed, trembling as Hannibal bent to kiss over the pink skin he'd hurt, Will's balls still tight in his hand as a warning.

"And I certainly can't leave you this unmanageable for someone else," Hannibal continued, letting Will go as though nothing had happened, as though they weren't *father and son* about to fuck on a couch in his office. "You prefer a strong hand, don't you, sweet boy? You go mad without it."

"We'll be pariahs," Will mumbled, pressing his palm over his face now, fingers split just enough to see through them. "This is a social media world, Hannibal, we can't disappear."

"On the contrary," Hannibal replied, finally slicking his hands with the lube he'd stashed away. "I think it makes for quite an adventure, hiding when you can't cease to exist."

“This isn’t a 19th century novel,” Will protested. He closed his eyes when Hannibal pressed against his entrance again, drawing in a deep breath and bearing down as Hannibal began to ease him open.

“We make our own stories.” Hannibal pressed a kiss to the side of Will’s knee, up towards his thigh. Will shuddered beneath him. He was trying not to think about what they were doing. He was trying not to think about how it didn’t change his arousal at all.

“You make it sound so easy.”

Hannibal crooked his fingers and Will saw stars, rolling his hips down towards Hannibal’s fingers. The chaise was too narrow for him to dig his heels into the cushions; his legs hung uselessly off either side, Hannibal between them, keeping Will spread.

“You would be surprised how easy it is to begin a life anew.”

“The dogs.”

“Transporting them is merely a matter of money, and I believe that issue was already handled.”

Hannibal pulled his fingers back, kissing away Will’s dismayed whimper. They fit easily together, and Will parted so well for him, welcoming Hannibal’s cock into his willing body with shaky little moans.

Hannibal slipped his hands under Will’s arms and brought him up against him, sitting back so Will was forced to straddle him to keep his balance, perched prettily in Hannibal’s lap. He pushed in deeper this way, too, and Will moaned, low and pleased, and dropped his head back as he tried to settle himself. One hand came up to press to Hannibal’s stomach, just holding himself steady, the other Will brought up to his own hair to shove it off his face.

Hannibal was gorgeous. Will had been entirely enthralled with the bastard since they’d met, and when he couldn’t resist anymore Hannibal’s digs and jests and blatant flirting, Will had been overcome with how strangely right it all felt. Like a piece of himself was coming back together after years and years of being lost.

He pushed up on his knees and sank back down, catching his moan behind a bitten lip as he watched Hannibal instead. Hannibal’s cheeks were just barely catching color, up over those extraordinary cheekbones of his that Will had kissed and drawn his teeth against. His eyes were hooded and red, blood more than earth, as they usually were.

Can you truly say you’d rather give this up ?

No.

He hadn’t wanted to. He still didn’t want to, despite everything Freddie fucking Lounds had done to shatter them apart and burn Will’s life to the ground in the process. He wanted to sit in his lap and fuck himself down on Hannibal’s thick cock and call him -

“Daddy,” when Hannibal tugged his nipples to sensitive little peaks and leaned in to suck one into his mouth.

What did it matter? Nothing had changed from the day before, Will was merely more aware now. What did he care? As far as he was concerned, Hannibal was not his father. His father was the man who raised him. Hannibal was his *Daddy* , and he’d taught Will how to play that game well.

“Daddy,” Will gasped again, tipping back as he ground down, encouraging teeth against his skin and a hand at the small of his back. “Daddy, take me away.” He looked at Hannibal through dark, heavy lashes, a shadow of a pout across his lips.

As much as Hannibal got to Will, as easily as he could coax and manipulate him, Will had power too. When he looked at Hannibal with that soft, sweet smile, when he let the word ‘Daddy’ spill from his lips in a needy little moan, Hannibal was powerless to resist him.

“Anything you want,” Hannibal promised, dragging Will down into harsh, punishing thrusts. “I’d see you spoiled, sweet boy.”

“Then do it,” Will demanded, “Make me come. You wanted this, remind me how good it feels.”

“Greedy, terrible thing,” Hannibal praised him, catching Will’s hair in a harsh fist to hold him still as Hannibal fucked up into him, as he set his teeth to his jaw and marked his boy with more blooming bruises.

Will wouldn’t be able to cover those, he wouldn’t be able to hide them away. And where they were going, it wouldn’t matter.

“Fuck,” Will clung on, arms around Hannibal’s shoulders, nails dragging over his skin. He felt so full, so overcome. He was still angry, fuck he’d be angry for a long time, maybe forever, but the anger fueled him into something else. Something demanding and petulant and awful, something Hannibal had coveted and had now won, something Will had never thought himself to be, but he had never really known himself before, had he?

“Please, he begged, dropping a hand to stroke himself as Hannibal set his lips to Will’s shoulder next and damn near growled against him. “Please, Daddy, please, I’m so close…”

Hannibal wasn’t his usual patient self, either. Will’s panic, his denial, his acceptance so close together boiled his blood to a frenzy of need. He would have his boy, now, and fill him filthy, then he would have him again, in the comfort of one of their houses, where Will’s pleas could drag loud and keening for hours as he tormented him properly.

Such a responsive, beautiful boy.

Will’s orgasm overtook him in a sudden, crashing wave. He stroked himself frantically through it, dragging every drop out to spill over Hannibal’s chest, to mark him as thoroughly as Hannibal marked him. His pleasure made him loose-limbed, easy for Hannibal to fuck into and claim.

Hannibal gripped Will's hips and dragged him down with bruising pressure, spilling into him until Will was leaking, a sloppy, beautiful mess.

"You're still an asshole," Will murmured when Hannibal laid him back onto the chaise. "You should have told me."

"If I had, would you have come to me so eager and lovely?" Will's eyes darted away from Hannibal's, guilt written across his face. Hannibal nodded knowingly. "I am exactly where I want to be. I have no regrets."

Will rolled his eyes, a tiny smile quirking at the corners of his lips. "Well, we'll see how happy you are when *you* have to pay to fly seven dogs out of the country and then somehow make them vanish."

"About as happy as you will be, I would imagine, in learning you're a count," Hannibal replied easily, raising an eyebrow when Will narrowed his eyes at him. He tugged him up to kiss him softly before Will could start in on another panicked rant. "Later," he promised. "Now, I want you to go home and wait for me."

"Because *my* home won't be surrounded by the vultures at Freddie's beck and call," Will muttered. He groaned when Hannibal pulled out of him and kissed the center of his chest.

"It won't," Hannibal told him, and he sounded so sure, so entirely proud in that confidence that Will snorted.

"I don't even want to know," he sighed, reaching out to find his underwear on the floor. Hannibal just hummed, watching Will put himself together again as he himself remained bare for the time being. He'd dress presently.

"Good," he said, catching Will's chin to kiss him again. "Let Daddy take care of it."

Against his better judgement, against everything in him that screamed to push away, Will knew that he could.

End Notes

Got questions? Hit us up!

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